

## The Girl of the Wilderness

By R. RAY BAKER

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The old man leaned forward and rested a hand on a knee of his son. They sat before a fireplace in which a snapping blaze was struggling against a fall chill. They were smoking pipes and apparently enjoying each other's company, as cronies do; and they were cronies.

The old man? He was not that when one came to a closer inspection. He looked old, seated as he had been in the shadows, for his silver hair was all that was really distinct in the dusk. There were wrinkles, but not deep. One would take it he had led a free and easy life, until gradually the impression formed that there was something about him denoting a sorrow. Possibly it was his eyes.

"It's up to you, Paul," he said in a voice that was singularly soft and pleasing. "I would not try to argue you out of this marriage, but I want to warn you and be sure you are not making a mistake—as I did once." The last four words preceded a deep sigh, and the father leaned back again in the shadow, to watch the glow from the fireplace play about the handsome, clean-cut face of his son.

"I am sure, father," the son said, with a note of finality, "I love this girl of the wilderness. You should see her romp through the woods, her cheeks aglow with health. You should see her paddle a canoe, and dive and swim. And yet she is as retiring and reserved as the most demure society belle, when the occasion requires it."

"But your station in life," his father hesitated. "This girl cannot be your social equal. You say she and her mother live in a shanty in the woods near Cedar Creek, where you spent your vacation. They must be crude people, it seems to me."

The son was on the point of making an angry retort, but he checked it. "She's as good, and a lot better than most of the girls in my station of life," he said. "Her English is perfect, and she has a conversing knowledge of a wide range of topics. I did not see her mother; for I never could get Anne to invite me to their home. In fact, it is not her mother, Anne told me. Rather, it is her adopted aunt. Anne is really the daughter of the sister of the husband of the sister of the woman she calls mother—if you can grasp that. Anyhow, she's no blood relation, but they love each other like mother and daughter. It seems that each is all the other has."

"They live in the woods from choice," Anne's father was wealthy and left a large amount of money to his daughter; and Anne insists on sharing it with the woman she now calls mother. Because they love the woods and choose to live in them—that does not indicate a low station, does it? And what if it does? I love Anne."

"It all sounds very rosy, this love talk," observed his father, and there was a touch of bitterness in his voice, "but it doesn't always work out that way. Look at my own case. I don't care to talk of it as a rule, but it's a sample of what one gets for marrying beneath his level. Your mother was a lovable, good girl, but she had not been educated in my ways of thinking. In many ways the case parallels yours. Your mother would not get along in the society to which I was accustomed. Like this girl you think you love, she was fond of the woods and she wanted me to spend my life in them. I could not reconcile myself to it, because I love the noise and bustle of the city. The silence of the woods drives me frantic. But I consented to try it, and built a habitation in the woods; not a modern structure, as I desired, but a rustic log house to suit your mother's fancy. I could not endure the solitude and finally one night we quarreled; and a terrible thunder and lightning punctuated every sentence that was uttered. In fairness to your mother, whom I loved in spite of our incompatibility, I must say that I did most of the quarreling. She simply sat and looked into my face with those gentle blue eyes and let me rave. I never told you this before, because—because it was pretty hard for me; but now, when you are considering a step that is almost identical, I cannot refrain from bringing it up as an example. But it is hard."

The silver hair was buried in the man's arms.

"The next morning I left the house with you," he went on, more composed. You cannot remember it, for you were only a year and a half old and I had to carry you in my arms. I sneaked out of the cabin with you bundled in a blanket before Ethel, your mother,

was awake. I did not return for three months, and when I did, repentant, I found nothing but ashes to mark the spot where we had tried to live. And never was I able to get a trace of your mother, though I believe she perished in the Fresno earthquake.

"So you see, my son, what marrying beneath my station did to me. You see what may be the consequences for you—of marrying one of those nature-loving spirits. It sounds well, but it works out differently."

The son was silent several minutes. "I know you mean well, father," he finally said, and this time it was his hand that stretched forth and it touched the other's shoulder. "But I love this girl, I am sure of it, and, besides, I love nature, too, so we ought to get along. Now I must be going, for I have an engagement with Carl. We want to discuss old college days."

He left, and for a time the man with silver hair smoked and silently watched the fireplace flames; and two or three tears crept into his eyes.

It was Paul's wedding day, and he was on his way to claim his bride from the forest. His father was with him.

"I said my say, and you've made your choice, son," he said. "It is for you to decide. And of course I'm going to be present when my son is married, even if it should be in the center of the African jungles."

So they packed traveling bags and took a train for the wilderness. At Cedar Creek they disembarked and set out on foot through a path in the woods.

"Does smell rather good," admitted the older man as they trudged along inhaling ozone from the pine trees. "It's the first time I've been in the woods since—since that night."

Two hours' walking brought them to a clearing, where a log house sent a thin wreath of smoke heavenward. It was a small hut, but it looked inviting, an island in a sea of flowers and vines.

"This is the place," Paul announced. "I had never seen it, but I received good directions in my last letter." His face was lighted up expectantly.

From the door of the hut came a laughing girl, clad in a blue blouse, short khaki skirt and leggings. In the doorway behind her appeared a tall, handsome brunette of middle age.

Paul clasped his sweetheart in his arms and they remained embraced for several minutes. Suddenly the girl broke away.

"I must introduce you to mother, and I must meet your father," she said and turned toward the hut, to step dead still, amazement shining from her big bright eyes.

"Well, would you look at mother!" she cried, and Paul turned to stare in astonishment that equaled or surpassed hers.

For Paul's father and Anne's mother had followed the example of the young people and were hugging each other tightly, while she repeated over and over the one word, "George," and he was saying "Ethel."

### Much Work for Little Result.

One of the legends of antiquity credits a man known to Cicero with having put the Iliad of Homer into a nutshell. When the legend was 1,700 years old Huet, the great French scholar, tested it to amuse his pupil, the French heir.

He took a piece of firm but pliant paper, ten inches long and eight inches wide. By writing tiny characters with a fine pen he found that he could get thirty verses of the Iliad into a line and 250 lines to the page, 7,500 verses in all. Thus, by using both sides of the paper, he could write 15,000 verses on it, the number composing the Iliad. The paper when folded up fitted into a walnut shell, and so the possibility of the feat of Cicero's friend was proved.

### Disconcerting Truth.

Morris Hillquit said at Cooper Union the other night: "The profiteers get worse and worse. They don't care if they starve and freeze us all, and they are not ashamed of it. In fact, the profiteers remind me of the office boy of a friend of mine. I called at my friend's office the other morning and there the boy sat, at my friend's desk, with his feet on the desk and a cigarette in his mouth, reading a movie magazine."

"Is Mr. Smithers in?" I asked. "The office boy looked up at me from a page of California Bathing Girls."

"What do you want to ask me a fool question like that for?" he demanded. "Do you think I'd be sitting here like this if the boss was in?"

### A Crimson Gulch Critic.

"What did you think of our performance of 'Hamlet' last night?" inquired Mr. Stormington Barnes.

"To tell the truth," answered Cactus Joe, "the boys were disappointed. Hamlet showed a lot of sense in the early part of the evening, but he behaved plum foolish in foolin' with a sword instead of getting himself a six-shooter."

## TENNESSEE EVENTS

Gathered from All Corners of the State and Told in Briefest Form

Benton.—What is said to be a new question of law in Tennessee is a sequel to the trial of Charlie Fife, farmer, Polk county, at Ducktown, wherein he was convicted of two murders, the first case resulting in a sentence of 99 years in the penitentiary and the second electrocution. If the law is executed according to the manner in which the verdicts were returned, Fife, after serving his 99 years, would be taken to the electric chair in the year 1920.

Jackson.—One hundred and fifty-one arrests were made during the month of March by the local police department according to the monthly report of Chief of Police Alex. Segall, submitted to the city commission. This is the smallest number of arrests made in any one month during the term of Chief Segall. Fines amounting to \$530 were assessed in city court against the offenders, and \$477.50 cash was collected in fines.

Memphis.—The suit of A. B. Caruthers and others against Thomas Stubblefield was settled in chancery. When Stubblefield agreed to dispose of several head of cattle which he has been keeping at Belvedere and Poplar. Property owners in the neighborhood claimed that Stubblefield had planned to operate a dairy there. They appealed to chancery court for an injunction.

Chattanooga.—Chattanooga's latest manufacturing plant, the Cole Engineering Co., has been opened. The company is engaged in the manufacture of Cole metal products, specializing on Cole silver white metal, used for trimming, and in the Cole mogrip bearing metals. Mr. Cole holds the secret formula for the two metals. He operates another plant in Chester, Pa.

Knoxville.—A. L. Evans, county judge of Union county, enjoined J. S. Graves, through the circuit court, from assuming the office of juvenile judge of Union county under an act passed by the legislature through the efforts of Senator Press Monroe. Judge Evans was elected to office for a term of eight years and he claims the new act legislates him out of office.

Lebanon.—The members of the Clyde Bratton post of the American Legion have made arrangements with the John B. Rogers company to put on a play called "Hoop La," by local talent. The members of the Legion are very enthusiastic over the expected results of the play, which will be given at the Lyric theatre two days.

Union City.—The commissioners of the county jail and courthouse of this county have had jail in this city thoroughly cleaned and painted, inside and out. They found the jail to be in a very insanitary condition and have had floors repaired and scoured, walls painted and all furniture and bedding cleaned and disinfected.

Union City.—A highway is to be constructed leading from Union City to Red-foot Lake. There was an enthusiastic meeting held here in furtherance of this project by members of the county highway commission and committees from the districts through which said road will pass, heretofore appointed.

Memphis.—A number of Memphians are interested in the organization of the Dixie Mutual Insurance corporation, recently formed and which will have headquarters here. The company will engage in automobile insurance business, writing complete coverage for automobile risks.

Bristol.—After discussion of the local water question at a well-attended mass meeting of citizens, a vote was taken and it was found that a majority favored the proposed bill providing for possible merger of the two local systems as sent to the state legislature recently.

Jackson.—The honor list for the extermination of flies and the destruction of their breeding places, in the campaign being actively put on by the East Union school, as announced, includes: Elizabeth Kinsey, Hugh Parham, Sarah Malone, Francis Leeper and Sam Gibbs.

Ashtand City.—Col. P. P. Pickard, cashier of the Ashtand City Bank & Trust company, who recently underwent a rather serious operation at a Nashville infirmary, is reported to be rapidly convalescing.

Ripley.—April has been designated here as "loyalty" month in the \$75,000 campaign of the Baptists of the south.

## SCRAPS OF HUMOR



### REQUIRES BRAINS.

A certain Englishman, famous for his erudition, played such a wretched game on the links that he remarked one day to his caddy, "How is it that I, a man acquainted with the arts and sciences, cannot play this confounded game of golf?"

"Well," said the caddy, "it's like as ye ken a' shoot they snar affairs, an' w' things connect w' them, but ye maun understand that it tak's a heid to play gowf."

### Some Relief.

Flathush.—So you throw your alarm clock out of the window at a howling cat last night, did you?

Bonsouharst.—I certainly did.

"Why, say, you wouldn't hit a cat in a thousand years?"

"I know it; but I felt very certain that I would get rid of one of the nuisances, anyway!"



### WISE GUY

"Jack's the most bashful man I ever saw. He never tried to kiss me once when he called last week."

"That's not bashfulness. That's fear. I told him you'd push a man's face in if they'd try anything like that."

### The Apple of His Eye.

A peach came walking down the street; she was more than passing fair. A smile, a nod, a half-closed eye, and the peach became a pair.

—Cornell Widow.

### Interest Secure.

"I don't believe Josh is interested in the dear old home," remarked Farmer Cornsossel sadly.

"Yes, he is," replied Josh's mother, "and he's going to keep on being interested regardless of pleasures and palaces, so long as the old home is the only place where three meals per day are absolutely reliable."

### Taking a Sporting Chance.

"We are going at a frightful rate of speed, conductor."

"Only 60 miles an hour, ma'am."

"But isn't that too fast for safety?"

"It depends on the point of view, ma'am. If we don't get to Hawkins Junction before the limited does, we won't get there at all."

### Belated Reform.

Edith.—Why didn't you marry him? Everybody says he has reformed.

Marie.—Yes, but he reformed too late. His money was all gone.



### THE BATTLE'S ON

Jack: Say! Waddayuh doin' with a trombone? Gonna take lessons?

Jill: Nope! I am buyin' this trombone in self-defense.

Jack: A trombone in self-defense? Jill: Yea! Yuh see the neighbors in the next apartment to us have just bought a player piano.

### Color Not Important.

We'd be a blonde or deep brunette; We really don't care which. So long as we're not sick abed, And reasonably rich.

### Her Prerogative.

Heck.—Have you decided what you are going to call the baby, old man? Peck.—Yes; I'm going to call him whatever my wife names him.

## HAS AN EDUCATIONAL VALUE

Good Newspaper is Very Much More Than a Mere Purveyor of the World's News.

The newspapers are made up by men trained in bringing together all the most important of the world's happenings and condensing them so that you can grasp them with little difficulty.

If yours is a good newspaper, it is interesting, for nothing is really news that isn't interesting. Read it carefully. It is your history of the most interesting of all the periods of the world's history—the times in which you are living.

You can get an excellent education by reading the newspapers attentively and following up the suggestions that come to you while reading them.

If you do not read them, and read them carefully, you will always be rusty and behind the times, though you have taken all the degrees the greatest university can confer.—John Blake, in Chicago Daily News.

## Thousands Have Kidney Trouble and Never Suspect It

Applicants for Insurance Often Rejected.

Judging from reports from druggists who are constantly in direct touch with the public, there is one preparation that has been very successful in overcoming these conditions. The mild and healing influence of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp Root is soon realized. It stands the highest for its remarkable record of success.

An examining physician for one of the prominent Life Insurance Companies, in an interview on the subject, made the astonishing statement that one reason why so many applicants for insurance are rejected is because kidney trouble is so common to the American people, and the large majority of those whose applications are declined do not even suspect that they have the disease. It is on sale at all drug stores in bottles of two sizes, medium and large.

However, if you wish first to test this great preparation send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. When writing be sure and mention this paper.—Adv.

### Real Highbrow.

"It certainly does pay to have an education," said the man in household goods to the man from the rags, over their lunch.

"As to what?" asked the ruggear.

"Why, this morning a woman came in and put her forgettable to her eyes and asked me for a 'ref-use chalice.'"

"Good night! What's that?"

"See—I told you it paid to have an education. I happened to recognize the woman and to know she had just moved here from Boston. So I got her a garbage pail, which was exactly what she wanted."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

### Jews Take Up Farming.

When the Federation of Jewish Farmers in America recently held its twelfth annual convention in New York city the fact was brought out that there are more than 10,000 Jews who own their own farms in the United States. The total value of the land amounts to more than \$50,000,000, while the mechanical equipment is worth an additional \$10,000,000. Most of the Jewish farmers are foreign-born citizens who have achieved their success through personal thrift and industry.

### Don't Forget Cuticura Talcum.

When adding to your toilet requisites. An exquisitely scented face, skin, baby and dusting powder and perfume, rendering other perfumes superfluous. You may rely on it because one of the Cuticura Trio (Soap, Ointment and Talcum). 25c each everywhere.—Adv.

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